

BERT'S LAST DIME

By GEORGE ELMER COBB.

Bert Noble shivered as he glanced down the street, cold, icy, chilling as the hearts of the crowds that passed him by unheeding.

"The last dime," he said slowly, seriously. "I've got to invest it."

He moved towards the window of the neat, tasty bake shop. It was filled with both solids and dainties. A screened window below was open. It led into the basement room, where the goodies were baked. A warm current of air struck his body. The heat was grateful. A delicious aroma of flavoring and spices assailed his nostrils.

"Those cinnamon rolls," decided Bert, and he went into the store, laid down his dime and received a plumb-bag. The cleanly dame who waited on him shot a quick glance at his pale, distressed face and made the dozen fourteen.

"If I have to tramp it," ruminated Bert, as he regained the street, "I can make this far last me out three whole days. A hundred and fifty miles. Why, Napoleon's soldiers covered a thousand with no food except horseflesh and parched corn. Oh, if mother only lasts out until I get home!"

He gulped down a sob and set his steps towards the railroad running through the town. Then he checked himself. He stood almost transfixed. There, standing at the window, at the very spot he had just vacated, was his duplicate.

It was not that the person at whom Bert gazed resembled him in face, for



It Was Filled With Both Solids and Dainties.

the former was younger and more lightly built. The similitude was present in the like shivering form, overcastness and shrinking from the cold, in the ravenous eyes fixed upon the tempting edibles displayed to view beyond the glittering window frame. He was a counterpart of Bert in all this. He visibly stood for penniless, suffering, mayhap desperate humanity.

As by a magnet Bert was drawn to wayside him. As though the forlorn wayfarer was of the closest kin, he could not resist the compelling influence of interest, sympathy, awe, poor, as he was, sympathy and help! Bert came to his side. The other looked him over keenly. Then he recognized a fellow unlucky one.

"Looks tempting, doesn't it?" he challenged quite cheerily. "If there should be a fire now!" and he laughed whimsically—"or if we had a brick!"

"No need of that," retorted Bert in like affected reckless vein. "See here," and he shook the paper bag in his hand. "If we had a warm spot somewhere we could divide."

"I can fix that," declared the other with hungry alacrity, and he led the way down the street and through a by lane to the warm room of a big factory. The air was warm from the proximity of the great furnaces. There was a bench and no one denied them the shelter and warmth.

Bert's new acquaintance devoured more than half of the rolls with an avidity that indicated long previous fasting. Then he rolled two cigarettes made up of the scraps of his pockets and the twain indulged in a comfortable smoke.

At a glance Bert discerned that his companion was a young fellow of good breeding and education. He said his name was Henry Newton, but was not inclined to go into his past history.

"I'm a derelict, stranded just now, like yourself," he observed, but he listened with interest to Bert's story.

"You're better off than I am," he remarked cheerily. "You've got a mother and sister. I've nothing human of kin or interested in me except a miserly old grandfather, who cast me adrift because I broke over the lines once or twice in some trivial boyish capers."

"It's my mother that worries me," sighed Bert. "I told you of the letter I received today from my sister. She fears my mother is fatally ill. She implored me to hasten home, little dreaming that I was out of work and penniless."

"But ready to share your last crust with a fellow refugee!" said Newton in a softened tone. "It's one hundred and fifty miles to your home, you say. You might hobo it, but there's no freights out of this town. If you tried to blind baggage it you'd only be thrown off the train at every other station. I say, you come with me!"

His eyes averted with some fresh and inspiring idea, Newton proceeded to urge Bert along with him. When they regained the principal business street of the town he led him into its largest department store.

"See here!" expostulated the bewil-

dered Bert, "what are you ever up to?"

"You just keep with me, I've a great scheme," was the enigmatical reply, and then, passing a counter, to the surprise of Bert his companion picked up a small bolt of lace and stuck it under his coat.

"Grab me! Holler 'Thief!'" ordered Newton rapidly, but the dumfounded Bert was too surprised to obey, so Newton grabbed him, shouting, "Let me go, I say!" and a floor manager rushed up to the spot.

"What's the trouble here?" he demanded, and then, as if by accident, Newton dropped the stolen bundle from under his coat. "Ah, a thief! eh?"

"I suppose I'm caught," observed Newton with a careless sigh. "This honest fellow grabbed me. I suppose he is ten dollars ahead," and Newton pointed to a sign reading, "Ten dollars reward will be paid for the detection of any thief in this store."

"Get that money and home to your dying mother!" whispered Newton, and for the first moment Bert comprehended the self-sacrifice of a noble man.

"No! no!" he remonstrated, but Newton was led away by an officer and Bert was taken to a desk and handed a ten dollar bill.

He tried to find out where they had taken Newton, but could not. His thoughts turned to home. In an hour he was speeding on his way thither.

Good news awaited him. A brother of his mother, at variance with her for years, had relented in his harshness at learning of her sickness and poverty. This fact and the return of her son caused Mrs. Noble to rally.

Within a week his uncle had started Bert in a modest little business. His time was taken up for a month to the exclusion of all other subjects.

"Bert," spoke his sister Eva one day, "I cannot forget that kind Mr. Newton who did so much for you."

"Nor I, either," said Bert. "I shall go at once in quest of him."

Bert arrived at the town where he had left him, to learn that some relative had come after Newton, had settled the alleged theft and had taken Newton away with him.

One day, as Bert and Eva were in their little store, he walked a visitor.

"Newton!" cried Bert in extravagant delight. It was his old friend, but neatly dressed and showing signs of sure prosperity.

"No, that never was my real name," dissented Newton.

"What, then?"

"Newman—and that exactly expresses it; new-man, see? And this is the dear sister you told me about?"

A dear brother Newman became to Bert soon thereafter. The wanderer had been taken back by his grandfather, life was all before him, bright, earnest, hopeful, and he asked Eva to share it with him.

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"Country Jake" No More.

The "country Jake" of yesterday owns a farm today of several hundred acres, lives in a palatial home with all modern conveniences, such as steam heat, bathroom, improved lighting system, telephone, automobile, etc., remarks the Evansville Courier.

His mail is delivered to his door every day. He reads the daily newspapers, the magazines, and the best books adorn his library. Surely he doesn't converse on current events as though he were a "country Jake"—not by a good deal. And to see him running an automobile on Sunday with his family as passengers he doesn't appear like a "country Jake," nor does any member of his family. The rising generation of farmers' sons and daughters are farther removed from being called "country Jakes" than were their fathers and mothers years ago. We say time change. And time does change. It changes the farm as well as the city. Evolution works miracles on the farm as well as in the city.

"Madame" Fitted Him.

The friends of a certain senator say that, although it is admitted that someone used senate stationery to promote a mining scheme, it is very unjust to make any charge of dishonesty against the kindly old man. To illustrate his character, they tell this story: He was one of the funeral party that accompanied the body of a distinguished senator to his burial place. On the return trip he went early to bed. The next morning his round, red face, devoid of hair, gentle of expression and wrinkled, was thrust out of his berth as the Pullman conductor passed by. "Are we on time, captain?" called out the senator in his thin piping voice. "Just on time, madame," said the conductor, as he lifted his hat and passed on.

Calls English Coinage Clumsy.

When will an attempt be made to reform our clumsy British coinage? We need not wait until the decimal system is introduced, which, with reason, convenience and everything else on its side, still makes very little progress; but we could follow the example of other countries and substitute more convenient coinage for our present coppers. France has just introduced new nickel half-pennies and pennies. These coins cannot be mistaken for silver, even in the dark, as they are perforated.—London Chronicle.

Lacenic Analysis.

"Perhaps you can tell me what's the matter with the way I farm," said the amateur agriculturist.

"Easy!" replied Farmer Cornetossel. "Too much theorizing and not enough early rising."

Reforestation.

The United States forest service has undertaken the reforestation of a large section in northern Idaho destroyed by forest fires in 1910, to determine whether the destruction of trees decreases the flow of streams.

Remarkable Telescope.

A Scotsman was one day observing to a friend that he had an excellent telescope. "Do you see yon kirk?" said he. "Although it's scarcely discernible with the naked eye, when I look at it through my telescope it brings it so close I can hear the organ playing."

FALLS TEN STORIES; UNHURT

Steel Workman Looks Around, and Goes Back to Work on an Omaha Hotel.

Omaha, Neb.—J. W. Snyder, a steel workman, fell from the tenth floor of the new Pontelle hotel in this city, hit the ground squarely, got up and looked around and then started back to work. Snyder's fall was broken by a live electric wire carrying 250 volts.

Just where he struck the ground there was a great pile of loose earth. He landed with the full length of his body on this dirt. Physicians who examined him after the fall say there was absolutely no damage except for a slight scalp wound.

Snyder was working on the tenth floor when he slipped and went over the side for a sheer fall of more than 100 feet. The live wire was 20 feet from the ground, and Snyder struck it squarely on his back. One of the poles broke, and Snyder hit the dirt pile comparatively easy.

GIRL CLIMBS PEAK TWICE

Paint Letters of Greek Sorority Upon "Boulder Field" of Long Mountain—Forced to Erase Them.

Denver, Colo.—Three girl members of a Greek sorority arduously climbed 14,000 feet to the summit of Long's peak, painted upon the "boulder field" on the mountain the letters of their order, and later were forced by United States Forester Wheeler to return and efface the letters.

Hours were required by the girls to make the hazardous climb to the summit of the peak. Finally they reached the point they sought. There they dabbed upon the bare face of the peak the insignia of their sorority.

Wheeler discovered the identity of the girls and told them that to escape prosecution and punishment for defacing scenery they must go back and efface the letters.

The girls sought legal advice, and learned that the forester was correct. They again made the climb and removed the paint.

FIND \$60,000 GOLD IN CAMP

Treasure Is Said to Have Been Dug Up Under Saloon of the Olden Days.

Prescott, Ariz.—From Ehrenberg has come a tale of three mysterious strangers who came by automobile from California, for a few days dug around in the ruins of the deserted camp of La Paz and who left with \$60,000 found under a floor of a saloon of the olden days, conducted by a Portuguese, Francisco Rabana.

Of the digging there seems no doubt, however much attaches to the rumor of treasure found. There have been many such explorations in the past of ruins of the old camp, where millions of dollars' worth of gold dust was handled about sixty years ago.

WIRELESS STATION IN SULU

Government at Washington Will Soon Be in Direct Communication With All Her Colonies.

Washington.—Through a chain of wireless stations that is being gradually developed the government at Washington will soon be in direct communication with the most remote



Government Wireless Station at Jolo, in Sulu Archipelago.

points in the colonial possessions of the United States. Stations have already been established at Panama, at Guam, at Honolulu and at various points in the Philippines. Even the Sulu archipelago, which has always been regarded as the most savage of the Philippine possessions, has been invaded by this instrument of civilization, a wireless station having recently been established at Jolo, on one of the largest islands of the archipelago. This station, with its slender latticed tower, is in marked contrast with its primitive surroundings.—Popular Mechanics.

"SUCKER" PROVES A "SHARK"

Sad Surprise for New York Footpad When "Victim" Proves to Be a Policeman.

New York.—His night duties ended, Patrolman Martin Murphy of Hackensack, N. J., started for his home in Edgewater in civilian's clothes. Near the foot of the steps that lead to the Shady Side section a sturdy chap said to him:

"I was afraid I wasn't going to catch a sucker tonight. Hands up!"

The policeman obeyed and the handst started to search him. Then Murphy seized him and in the struggle drew his revolver. Then the robber consented to go to headquarters.

"That's one on me," he said after he described himself as John Fox of 405 West Fifth street, Manhattan.

He was committed for the grand jury. His arrest may end a series of robberies that have taken place in this lonesome spot on the Palisades.

Many Victims of Wreck Unknown.

Noelmo, Mo.—Funerals of 30 unidentified dead, victims of the railroad wreck at Tipton Ford, Mo., were held at Noelmo and the bodies were so badly charred it was impossible to tell who they were and all were buried in unmarked graves. Only six among forty or more victims were identified.



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